

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of
"The Man on the Box,"
"Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While riding horseback in the country he overtakes her and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of felling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning's ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfenstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The valet hurried to the dresser and returned with the duke's state eyeglasses. These the duke perched deliberately upon the end of his noble nose. He opened the letter and read its contents. The valet, watching him slyly, saw him grow pale, then red, and finally purple,—wrath has its rainbow. His hands shook, the glasses slipped from his palpitating nose. And I grieve to relate that his serene highness swore something marvelous to hear. "Damnation!" he said, or some such word. "The little fool!" Then, suddenly remembering his dignity and the phrase that no man is a hero to his valet, he pointed to his glasses, at the same time returning the letter to its envelope, this letter which had caused this momentary perturbation. "Call the minister of police. You will find him in the smoking-room off the conservatory. Make all haste!"

The valet flew out of the door, while the duke began pacing up and down the room, muttering and growling, and balling his fists, and jingling his shining medals. He kicked over an inoffensive hassock and his favorite hound, and I don't know how many long-winded German oaths he let go. (It's a mighty hard language to swear in, especially when a man's under high pressure.)

"The silly little fool! And on a night like this! Curse it! This is what comes of mixing Spanish blood with German, of letting her aunt's wishes overrule mine in the matter of education. But she shall be brought back, even if I have to ask the assistance of every sovereign in Europe. This is the end. And I had planned such a pleasant evening at cards!" The duke was not wholly unselfish.

In less than ten minutes' time the valet returned with the minister of police. The duke immediately dismissed the valet.

"Your serene highness sent for me?" asked the minister, shaking in his boots. There had been four ministers of police in three years.

"Yes. Read this."

The minister took the letter. He read it with bulging eyes. "Good heavens, it must be one of her highness' jokes!"

"It will be a sorry joke for you if she crosses any of the frontiers."

"But—"

"But!" roared the duke. "Don't you dare bring up that word scandal! Seek her. Turn everybody out,—the army, the police, everybody. When you locate her, telegraph, and have a special engine awaiting me at the station. And if you play a poor game of cards to-night I'll take away your portfolio. Remember, if she passes the frontier, off goes your official head!"

"And the fellow, who is he?"

"The good Lord only knows! That girl! . . . Witness these gray hairs. Put the rascal in irons; I'll attend to his case when I arrive. . . . Where is Steinbock?"

"He was arrested this morning in Berlin; I have already applied for his extradition."

"Good! Now, be off with you! Leave no stone unturned. The expense is nothing; I will gladly pay it out of my private purse."

"I'll find her," said the minister grimly. His portfolio hung in the balance. All at once the duke struck his hands together jubilantly.

"What is it?" asked the minister. "A clue?"

"Nothing, nothing! Be gone; you are wasting time."

The minister of police dashed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils. He knew the duke's mood; it was not one to cross or irritate. No sooner was he gone than the duke left his apartments and sought those of his niece. It might be a joke; it would do no harm to find out positively. But the beautiful suite was empty; even her highness' maid was gone. He then knocked on the door which led into Betty's boudoir, not very gently either.

"Open!" he bellowed.

"Who is it?" demanded a maid's frightened voice.

"The duke! Open instantly!"

"It is quite impossible," said another voice from within. It was calm and firm. "I am dressing."

"I must see you this instant. Open or I shall force the door!"

"Is your serene highness mad?"

"Will you open this door?"

"You command it?"

"A hundred times, yes!"

"Since you command it." The voice was no longer calm; it was sharp and angry.

The wait seemed an hour to his serene highness, serene no longer. At length the bolt slipped, and the frate duke shouldered his way in. The tableau which met his gaze embarrassed him for a space. He was even ashamed! The Honorable Betty stood behind a tall-backed chair, an opera cloak thrown hastily over her bare shoulders. Her hair was partly down. A beautiful woman in a rage is a fascinating sight. The duke stared at her irresolutely.

"Will your highness explain this ex-

traordinary intrusion?" she demanded.

"You have literally forced your way into my room while I am dressing. It is utterly outside my understanding."

"I am old enough to be your father."

"That is the weakest excuse you could give me. At your age one's blood ought to be cooled to a certain discretion. My father, if he had had anything important to say, would have remained on the other side of the door. I am not deaf. Your explanation is in order."

The duke had never been talked to so plainly in all his life. For a while he was without voice, but had plenty of color. "It is easily explained," he finally bawled out to her. "Her highness has eloped!"

The girl stared at him with wide eyes. "Eloped?" she breathed faintly. "Yes, eloped."

Betty wondered if she heard aright, or if the duke were out of his mind; and then she recollected her conversation with the princess. Her mouth opened as if to speak, but instead she closed her lips tightly. That wilful girl; whatever would become of her!

"Give this letter to your mistress," said the duke to the maid. "I will station myself in the window while she reads it."

He strode over to the window and drew the curtains about him. Below, the night crowds were wandering about the streets; the band was playing in the Volksgarten; carriages were rolling to and from the opera; the fountain in the center of the square sparkled merrily in the glare of the arc lights. But the duke saw none of these things. Rather he saw the telegraphic dispatches flying to the four ends of the globe, telling the peoples that he, the Grand Duke of Barscheit, had been outwitted by a girl; that the Princess Hildegarde had eloped with a man who was not the chosen one. In other words, he saw himself laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. (There is something very funny in domestic troubles when they occur in another man's family!) No, the duke saw not the beauty of the night; instead of stars he saw asterisks, that abominable astronomy of the lampoonists. He had never doubted the girl's courage; but to elope! . . . And who the devil had eloped with her? He knew the girl's natural pride; whoever the fellow might be,

he could be no less than a gentleman. But who, who?

"Your highness?" called a quiet (I might say deceptive) voice.

The duke came forth.

"Your highness will do me the honor to make out my passports to-night. I desire to leave the palace immediately. The affront you have put upon me, even under the circumstances, is wholly unpardonable. You imply that I have had something to do with her highness' act. You will excuse me to her serene highness, whom I love and respect. My dignity demands that I leave at once."

A flicker—but only a flicker—of admiration lighted the duke's eyes. . . . was a plucky little baggage.

"I will issue your passports upon one condition," he said.

"And that condition?"—proudly.

"Tell me everything: Where has she gone, and with whom?"

"I know absolutely nothing."

Silence. The duke gnawed his mustache, while his eyes strove in vain to beat down hers.

"Thank you, I believe you." Then, giving way to his wrath: "You English people, you are all the same! You never understand. I have brought up this girl and surrounded her with every luxury; against my will and reason I have let her become educated in foreign lands; I have given her the utmost freedom; this is how I am repaid."

"You forgot one important thing, your highness."

"What?"—haughtily.

"Affection. You have never given her that."

The duke felt himself beaten into silence, and this did not add to his amiability.

"Your passports shall be made out



The Duke Stared at Her Irresolutely.

immediately; but I beg of you to reconsider your determination, and to remain here as long as you please. For the sake of appearances, I desire your presence at the dinner table."

"I shall leave as soon as the dinner is over." This girl's mind seemed immovable.

The duke shrugged. There was no use in beating against this wall. "I wish you knew whether she has gone."

"Frankly, if I knew I should not tell your highness. My father taught me never to betray a confidence."

"As you will. I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance," he said, choking down his wrath. He could not allow himself to be outdone in the matter of coolness by this chit of an English girl.

"I grant it you."

The duke then retired, or, I should say, retreated. He wandered aimlessly about the palace, waiting for news and making wretched all those with whom he came in contact. The duchess was not feeling well; a wrangle with her was out of question; besides, he would make himself hoarse. So he waited and waited, and re-read the princess' letter. At dinner he ate nothing; his replies were curt and surly. The Honorable Betty also ate nothing. She sat, wondering if her maid could pack five trunks in two hours.

I had quite a time of it myself that night. As I predicted, I received a visit from the police in regard to Mr. Scharfenstein. I explained the matter the best I knew how, and confessed that he had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown. I did not consider it absolutely essential that I should declare that I had seen him enter a railway carriage for Dresden. Besides this, I had to stand sponsor for the other boys and explain at length that they were in no wise concerned with Mr. Scharfenstein's great offense. The police were courteous and deferential, admitting that Max was the culprit. He had drawn a revolver in a public restaurant; he had broken a grave law. The inspector wrote a dozen telegrams and dispatched them from the consulate. I had, at his request, offered him the blanks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There's a Difference.

Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

NEWS OF MISSOURI

Free to Fight Sunday Play.

Kansas City—The supreme court at Jefferson City denied the writ of prohibition filed on behalf of the theater managers, cigar dealers and others indicted for keeping open on Sunday to prevent Judge William H. Wallace from having further cognizance of these cases. Hermann Brumback, presiding judge of the circuit court, denied an application for a temporary injunction to restrain the county marshal from raiding the theaters on Sunday and dissolved the temporary restraining order that was made against the marshal by the circuit court six weeks ago.

Two Drown Fording Osage.

Linn Creek—Ed Foster and Mrs. David Kidwell, of Versailles, Mo., were drowned in the Osage River, twelve miles north of here, at Wilson ford. The body of Mrs. Kidwell was recovered at Peters Cabbe ford, two miles from where they attempted to cross. The body of Foster has not been found. They were instructed as to where to ford the river, but did not heed, and in attempting to cross at a different place the buggy was overturned.

Stone County Cases Delayed.

Aurora—The embezzlement cases of W. I. Long and County Clerk W. B. Langley, both former county treasurers of Stone county, which were to have been heard at Galena before Judge Neville, acting in the place of Judge Moore of that district, the latter having disqualified, have been postponed until Feb. 18, owing to the refusal of Neville to preside. Judge Lincoln of Springfield has consented to preside.

No Thanksgiving Pardons.

Jefferson City—This is the first time that the prison has ever observed Thanksgiving as a holiday. The legislature passed a law last session, making the day a holiday at the institution. Contrary to the usual custom of granting pardons to at least two long-term convicts on each holiday, there were no pardons. The governor offered no explanation for this deviation from the long-observed precedent.

Shot While Surprising Newly Weds.

Dexter—As the result of a surprise party escapade, Miss Lizzie Grojean, a young society woman of Dexter, was shot by Clarence Thrower. Miss Grojean, with a party of friends, went to the home of Mr. Thrower, who was recently married, with the intention of giving him and his wife a surprise social. Mr. Thrower was awakened, and fired through the glass door. The young woman may recover.

Folk Appoints Two.

Jefferson City—Governor Folk announced the appointment of Thomas P. Reed to be surveyor of Pulaski county to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of R. M. Breedon. The governor also appointed James A. Kennedy to be coal oil inspector for the city of Poplar Bluff for a term of two years from October 17.

Nude Body Found in Pool.

Elsberry—An unidentified man was found dead in eighteen inches of water at the Oasis Club at Elsberry. The body was nude, and the man's linen, which was found in the road near by, is marked "H. Neiva." The authorities believe the man was murdered.

Cuba Girl Wins Medal.

Cuba—In the South Central Missouri Teachers' Association oratorical contest between high school pupils of Cuba, Steelville, Salem, St. James, Rolla, Dixon and Richland, Miss Bessie Mattox, Cuba, won first and Miss Grace Ary, Rolla, second prize.

Crackmen Get Church Fund.

New Cambria—Safe blowers who dynamited the safe of Roberts & Thomas, merchants, secured the Thanksgiving collection for the poor, taken at the different churches, and amounting to \$200.

Dry Win at Liberty.

Liberty—Liberty voted dry in the local option election, the vote being 462 for and 169 against. Liberty has only one saloon, three having been refused license again during the past year.

Body of Versailles Man Found.

Versailles—The body of Edward Foster, who, with Anna Kidwell, was drowned in the Osage River eighteen miles south of here, has been found.

Hunter Shot Near Cuba.

Cuba—Edward Rogers, while hunting north of Cuba, was accidentally shot by one of his brothers. He will recover.

Bigamist Pleads Guilty.

Sedalia—A Hunter Hall, held here to await a second trial on a charge of bigamy preferred by the relatives of Miss A. Smith, of Dyerville, Tenn., disregarded the advice of his attorneys, entered a plea of guilty, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Game Sold for Charity.

Lebanon—One hundred and sixty quail, four wild ducks and ten wild turkeys were sold here for the benefit of charitable institutions.

HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.

Youngster, Felt Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.

Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen," she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, watching him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES.

Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

A Fascinating Game.

A precocious little girl living on one of the crowded business thoroughfares of the city was in the habit of gazing out of the window at the busy street below for hours at a time.

"What is it, Gladys, that you find so constantly interesting in the street?" asked her mother one day.

"Oh," came the wise rejoinder, "just watching the cars go pro and con."—Harper's Weekly.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand as open as the day for melting charity.



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Messrs. F. L. Beatty and I. F. Isham, of Carnegie, Okla., and G. A. Severns, of Mountain View, Okla., all well known, reliable gentlemen, write: Carnegie, Okla., March 12, 1907.

Dr. C. F. Simmons, San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sir:—We left Oklahoma on the morning of the 6th of March to visit your Atascosa County lands, for the purpose of seeing the land and investigating your proposition for ourselves, and our neighbors who are contemplating purchasing.

We spent some time on the ranch and satisfied ourselves thoroughly that the land was all that you had represented it to be. The soil is fine and the water is as good as can be.

We have brought away samples of soil taken from different places, and Cotton, Alfalfa, Wheat and Corn that can be seen by calling at the office of F. L. Beatty, at Carnegie, Oklahoma. This land will produce anything that is planted upon it if properly cultivated.

We stood on top of the hill in the Musgrove pasture, and could see for miles in every direction, almost over the entire property. This land is all irrigable, and sufficient water can be obtained to irrigate the entire property.

We are entirely satisfied to recommend the proposition to our people. The only thing needed to make this a great country is a railroad, and we have your assurance that it will be built at an early date. If you can satisfy the people that this railroad will be built through this land within any reasonable time, there will be no trouble about finding purchasers for every farm and lot that you have got.

It is such an easy country to build a railroad over, and you are offering such a large bonus, and the tonnage will be so great for a railroad through that country when this property is sold, that you certainly will be able to find some one who will build the road without delay.

We will be glad to have you refer anyone who wants to know anything about this land to us.

Yours truly,

F. L. BEATTY,

I. F. ISHAM,

Carnegie, Okla.

G. A. SEVERNS,

Mountain View, Okla.

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